



There's One Range
That's Always Good
Glenwood
"Makes Cooking Easy"
Your Old Range taken in Exchange

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE, VT.

Every Animal Likes Bananas.

The leaves of the banana are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics—the hurricanes—soon tear the leaves in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must need protect his plantation by a fence of some thorn plant.

Spitzbergen.

Spitzbergen is one of the few countries as yet unclaimed by any nation. Any one may dig the coal found in the cliffs there.

The Color of the Hair.

Microscopical examinations show that when light is transmitted through the shaft the hair appears dark, but as the natural consistency and color of hair, aside from the pigment, are those of horn or the finger nails a slight change in the structure of the tube, causing the light to be reflected, would have the effect of turning the hair white.

A Monster Hedge.

The biggest hedges in England are at Hall Barn, Buckinghamshire. They are of yew and box and are thirty feet high.

The Times' Daily Short Story.**The Man Who Was Wronged**

(Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.)

Jim Cassidy was a brute of a man. That was no more his fault than it had been born a wolf. His nature had come down to him from others, and he had lived it.

When Cassidy got his first term in prison it was for burglary. He had entered a dwelling house at night and stolen money and goods. The owner of the place was a well off man. He could spare what had been taken and never miss it. The burglar could not understand why so much fuss was made over it. He felt injured when the lawyer spoke of him as a criminal and when the papers had something to say about his hangdog look. It seemed to him to be a combination against him, a conspiracy to prevent him from living his natural life.

By and by, when it so happened that the detectives were giving Cassidy a rest for a few weeks, he got married. In his way he loved the young woman. In another way she would be of help to him. He knew and respected other men who lived on what their wives earned at the wash tub, and he had no doubt of being respected in his turn. He had been married a week when he blackened his wife's eyes and broke a couple of ribs for her. He felt that it was his privilege. When the police and the judge differed with him he looked upon it as a put up job to discourage him from seeking natural enjoyment.

While he was serving his sixty days a fellow prisoner told him that the great constitution of the United States guaranteed every man certain rights. There were eight or ten of these rights, according to the man's list, and Cassidy came forth with a determination to have them all. The law had heretofore depended on his ignorance and taken advantage of him. He would now show the law that he knew his privileges and was bound to maintain them. Within a week he had broken a policeman's head with a rock, assaulted a man who differed with him about the social status of state's prison, stolen a wagon and robbed a drunken man. With the constitution on his side he felt that he was getting along.

Mrs. Cassidy would have come in for another beating in time, but she hastened the event by becoming a mother. Being busy at the time, the husband adjourned the beating for a week. Then he blackened her eyes, broke her jaw and dislocated a shoulder, and he took it very ill of an officious neighbor who hastened away and informed the police and secured his arrest.

The wife died, and Mr. Cassidy was put on trial for manslaughter. He considered it altogether unfair. He was privileged under the constitution to beat his wife, while she was not privileged to die under it. She had died to spite him, and he looked upon it as

more spite when he was somehow sent to prison for fifteen years.

Of all the things that hurt him most were the words of the prosecutor. He had called direct attention to his evil face and his previous record and had vowed that he was more of a wild beast than a man. Nothing else hurt like this, and he determined on revenge.

From the day he entered prison Cassidy lived only to escape and secure revenge on the man who had blazed at him in court. He didn't blame the judge or the jury. As for the neighbors who had volunteered their testimony, he would knock them about and let it go at that, but the prosecutor should die by his hand. His words were remembered morning, noon and night, and day by day the convict thought of escape.

Seven long years passed by, and then a day came that a guard relaxed his vigilance for a moment, and Jim Cassidy made his escape. Another convict would have tried to get away as far and as fast as possible. Not so with Cassidy. He had only twenty miles to go to reach the prosecutor's house. He had kept track of his enemy through visitors. He knew that he occupied a house in the midst of grounds just outside the city, and over and over again he had planned how he would approach, how enter the house, how surprise the man in his sleep and take his life. He made his journey across the country in a dogged sort of way, and he would have killed any living thing obstructing his path for a moment. He was a wronged man on his way to right himself.

The escape was made in the early morning. When evening fell the convict was at the end of his journey. The grounds contained two acres and were full of trees and shrubbery. He easily found a hiding place and then waited. There was no thought of turning back. Years had gone by, and the prosecutor was now an old man and no longer had to do with the law, but that made no difference to Cassidy. Let him but secure his revenge and the prison officials might pick him up the next hour. It was midnight before he moved. He had heard the growling of thunder for the last half hour, but had given it no heed. Now, as he finally rose up to approach the house, the storm broke over his head.

It did not delay him a moment. He went forward with less caution for the swish of the storm, and he had dropped under a tall pear tree within ten feet of the corner of the house when a bolt of fire suddenly shot across the black heavens. He saw it, and the heat seared his eyeballs. He heard the crash, and he wondered if the heavens and the earth had come together. Then he neither saw nor heard anything more. It was as if he had never lived.

"Bless me, but he was an escaped convict and was hit by the bolt that shook the house so!" said the old prosecutor as he walked out next morning and almost stumbled over the body clothed in stripes.

M. QUAD.

DEATH OF CALVIN CAMPBELL.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Calvin Campbell, one of the oldest residents of this town. He died Monday morning last, on his birthday, at the age of 82 years, of grip, which developed into pneumonia, with which he was taken last Wednesday. He was about as usual on Tuesday, but had not been feeling very well, although at the store early in the evening. Dr. Stevens was called and no serious results were anticipated until Saturday afternoon, when a change for the worse set in. Dr. Slayton was called in consultation Sunday, and everything possible was done to check the disease, but of no avail, and he peacefully fell asleep at five o'clock Monday morning.

Calvin Campbell was a son of Robert Campbell, who came to this town in 1828 from Bradford, N. H., and located at Centerville, where he died in 1865. Calvin, who was six years old when his father located here, was the youngest of five boys, all of whom, except Robert, aged 84, who lives at Barre, have passed away. There were also four sisters, only one of which, Mrs. Rebecca Boynton of Biltmore, N. C., is living. These two are the last of that large family.

In early life, Mr. Campbell engaged in farming, but in 1849, in company with his brother, Jackson, Edward Keeler and Joseph McKinstry, went to California, going around the Horn on a sailing vessel. He met with good success out there, but in about a year he came back to Vermont, where he passed his long and useful life. He engaged in the mercantile business 37 years ago and during all that time carried on a general store at Centerville, disposing of the same to his son, Oscar, last January.

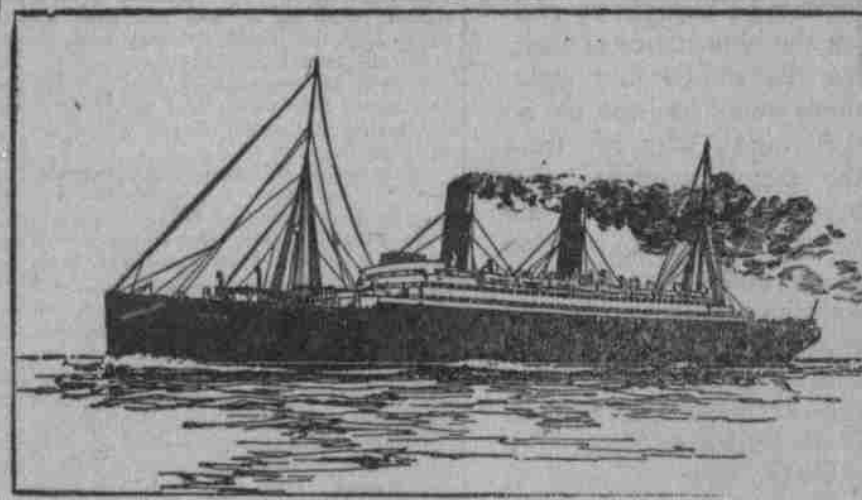
His life has been one of great activity and during his long career he incurred the displeasure of nobody, but had the respect and esteem of all. Although a man of quiet nature he took an active interest in public affairs, always executing his duties as a citizen, but caring nothing for public office. He was a staunch Democrat, yet never allowed his politics to interfere with his friendship and regard for others of a different political faith.

Mr. Campbell took a great interest in the Campbell Re-union society, of which he was one of the charter members, and one of the early presidents. The society was organized twenty-three years ago, and he has been present at every annual and semi-annual gathering from the beginning. Greetings to "Uncle Calvin" from all, big and little, were always extended to him at those happy gatherings.

In 1847 he married Jane, a daughter of the late Ira Herrick. She died in 1867 and two years later he married a sister, Lucy A., who with six children survives him. Two children have been buried. Those living are: Charles, chief engineer of the Barre fire department; Arthur and Herman, also of Barre; Everett of Hardwick; Oscar at home; and Mrs. Flora Hyde of Barton. There are five grandchildren.

The funeral took place from his late home Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock and was largely attended by relatives and friends who gathered to pay their last respects to him whom they held in high regard. Rev. Dr. Booth of Stafford Springs, Conn., an old-time friend of the family, spoke words of comfort and paid a worthy tribute to the deceased. Prayer was offered by the Rev. C. S. Hager. The bearers were the five sons and a nephew, Will Campbell of Barre. The interment was at the Centre cemetery, where repose many of his kin. Irwin Lilley was the undertaker and S. B. Waite the funeral director.

There were many beautiful floral tributes, among them the following: Bouquet of calla lilies and carnations and scroll marker with the words "Not Dead, Only Sleeping"—From the family. Carnations—Mrs. O. N. Campbell. Spray of carnations—Mr. and Mrs.

**NEW CUNAR TWINS-CREW STEAMSHIP "CARONIA."**

Latest Addition to Cunard Line Makes Its Maiden Trip, Arriving At New York Today.

New York, March 6.—With the coming into New York harbor today of the magnificent and stately "Caronia," the latest addition to the popular fleet of the Cunard Line, the marking of a new epoch in ocean navigation may be fairly claimed. The "Caronia" is the first of a quartette of great ships to be put into service in the near future by this line, each of which indicates a notable step in advance of any steamships now in service, in construction, equipment and furnishings.

History has been made very rapidly in recent years, not only in the science of marine construction, but in building ships which combine to as full a degree as the best metropolitan hotels all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries demanded by the modern day traveler. It is a far cry from the "Britannia," the first steamer of the Cunard Line, to this great and latest leviathan, the "Caronia," and yet the entire transformation has taken place within the space of an average lifetime.

The public has become so accustomed to great and startling things that the mere statement that the "Caronia" is

THE TURN OF LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate their Experience.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain. When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dizziness, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and incontinence, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are all just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried thousands of women safely through this crisis.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I had been suffering with falling of the womb for years and was passing through the Change of Life. My womb was badly swollen; my stomach was sore; I had dizzy spells, sick headaches, and was very nervous.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

A. W. McDonald of Laconia, N. H. Eighty-two carnations—Collins family.

Bunch of carnations—Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Milford, Mass.

Bunch carnations—Herbert Campbell, East St. Johnsbury.

These were from Barre friends: Roses—Vincilia Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

White carnations—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson.

Easter lilies—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Richardson.

White carnations—Mr. Herbert Pape and Miss Alice Pape.

Roses—Barre Firemen's club.

Pillow "At Rest"—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hodgdon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McLean, Mr. M. D. McDonald, Mr. Fred Wall, Mr. Andrew Guthrie, Tena McLeod.

Sickle—Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Bolster.

Large bouquet of pink carnations—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Reynolds.

The bereaved family have the sympathy of all in their deep affliction.

—Morrisville News and Citizen.

PROGRESS AND LABOR.

Stamped sheet zinc is rapidly coming into use for ceilings in places where wood has heretofore been used.

A Prussian chemist claims to have discovered a process for making artificial silk out of cotton. A factory is being built for him in Bohemia near Pilsdorf.

A broom factory is the latest addition to the industries of Paonia, Colo., already noted for its fruit production. The raw material for the plant is to be shipped in from Nebraska.

Women compositors have so increased in Edinburgh that in some of the large establishments they form 90 per cent of the force employed. They do not belong to the union, but the union allows its members to work with them.

A gutta percha and rubber manufacturing company of Toronto has made a belt for the grain elevator of the Intercolonial railway at St. John which is one of the largest ever produced. It is of rubber and measures 3,250 feet. Its weight is nine tons.

Trapped Burglar's Meats.

A burglar at Ivanova-Vosnesensk was trapped in a safe for five days and had to gnaw the backs of ledgers to sustain existence.

High Salaries.

The highest figure paid to any consul by England is \$100,000, which is the sum received by the viceroy of India. This seems a large sum, but it never really covers the expense. The South African post pays \$50,000.

15 YEARS OF TORTURE

Itching and Painful Sores Covered Head and Body.

CURED IN WEEK BY CUTICURA

"For fifteen years my scalp and forehead was one mass of sores, and my body was covered with sores. Words cannot express how I suffered from the itching and pain. I had given up hope when a friend told me to get Cuticura. After bathing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment for three days, my head was as clear as ever, and to my surprise and joy, one cake of soap and one box of ointment made a complete cure in one week. (Signed) H. B. Franklin, 717 Washington St., Allegheny, Pa."



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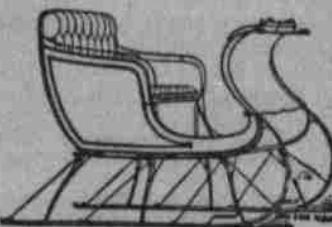
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Having rented the old Blanchard Blacksmith Shop at South Barre, I am prepared to do Horseshoeing, General Repair Work and Blacksmithing of all kinds in a workmanlike manner and at right prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. JAMES O. MERRIN.

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